THE NEW

Humours of Bartholomew Fair.

COME lads and come laſſes now trip it away,
To Bartholomew Fair, where there's ſights fine and gay,
There's Flockton and Jonas are ſhewing away.

CHORUS.

With their round abouts, kick up routs,
Porcupine, gul'otine, ſhows ſo fine,
Sing derry, derry, derry up and down,
Let's to Smithfield repair.

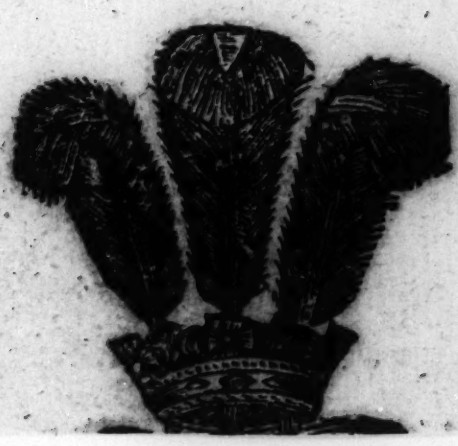
At Flockton's fine ſhow is t' is year to be ſeen
The ſtorming and taking of fam'd Val nc'ene,
Where our brave Duke of York he ſo noble hath been.

There's Jonas's players are ſhewing away
A ſpanking new pantomime, and a fine play,
So ye lads take your ſwee hearts, and for them now pay.

Slight of hand, and ſuch clook work, and tumbling is there,
With wild beaſts that are rang . all along in the fair,
And the French gullotine is ta'en off to a hair.

The giant, the dwarf, and the porcup'ne man,
With the beautiful ox, for ſize match him who can,
And ſauſages frying around in each pan.

There's ribbons and cakes, and there's all ſorts of toys,
Where daddies and mammies may pleaſe girls and boys,
And each lad and his ſweetheart may talle of love's joys.

Then next to the alehouſe, your ſpirits to cheer,
And take a full glaſs of refreſhing good beer,
Where ſuch ſinging and dancing you'll ſee and you'll hear.

On Friday the fair it is brought to an end,
And on Saturday many to Two-to-One ſend,
Whilſt curſing themſelves for the caſh they did ſperd.